THREE GREAT ARTISTS OF CONTRASTING IDEALS

Unusual Examples by Rosalba Carriera and Watteau in Doucet Collection About to Be Sold in Paris

Delacroix's Passion in Art and Extensive Researches as to the Laws of Color Effect in Painting

EARLY next month the sale of Jacques Doucet's art objects, sculptures, painting, designs and pastels of the eighteenth century will take place in Paris at the Georges Petit Galleries. The dates are June 5, 6, 7 and 8. It is an amazingly rare and varied collection, in which many great artistic names figure. In pastels it is very rich. We have selected two for illustration to-day, one by Watteau, the other by that engaging miniaturist Rosalba Carriera.

Who was Rosalba? A writer in Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" says she was a daughter of Angelo Carriera, a native of Chioggia, who held various official posts in the latter days of the Venetian republic. Better known by her Christian name, Rosalba was born at Venice on October 7, 1675, and at an early age showed her artistic talent by making designs for point lace. This she did till the fashion changed, when she was advised by Jean Steve, a Frenchman then in Venice, to turn her attention to the decoration of snuffboxes, a branch of art in which he excelled. She became a pupil of Giannantonio Lazzari, a distinguished amateur, and afterward of Giuseppe Diamantini and Antonio Balestra, but her style was mainly inspired by the works of Pietro Liberi. At first she painted in oil, but it is to her miniatures and above all to her crayon portraits that her great reputation is due.

Elected in 1705 a member of the Academy of St. Luke, Rome, and in 1720 a member of the Academy of Bologna, the Grand Duke Cosmo III. requested her to contribute her own likeness to the famous collection of painters' portraits executed by their own hands in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. The Florentine Academy likewise enrolled her among its members. In 1720 she visited Paris in company with her mother and sisters Angela and Giovanna and the Venetian painter Antonio Pellegrini, whom the elder of her sisters had married.

Rosalba stayed in Paris nearly a year, during which time she executed the portraits of Louis XV., then a boy 10 years old; the Regent and many nobles and ladies of the French court. Crozat, Mariette, Count Caylus, Watteau, Rigaud, Largillière, Coypel and other distinguished amateurs and artists eagerly sought her society and her works, and the Royal Academy of Painting elected her by acclamation.

Her diary, kept during her stay in Paris, contains details of much interest respecting the brilliant society of the Regency. It was published by the Abbé Vianelli in 1793, and was reprinted in Italian and translated into French in 1865. Rosalba was then 45 years of age, and had never been pretty, though she charmed every one by the grace and modesty which set off her rare talent. Returning to Venice in 1721, her pencil found constant employment, for scarcely a traveller of distinction passed through that city without carrying away with him his own portrait or some fancy head. In 1723 she visited the court of Modena and in 1730 that of Vienna, and the Elector of Saxony, afterward Augustus III., King of Poland, purchased many of her works.

Ten years before her death her sight failed and she died at Venice on April 15, 1757. Her works are still admired, although no longer compared with those of Correggio, for the delicate tints have faded, and the faulty drawing and affected style became but too apparent.

Watteau and Delacroix.

The Dresden Gallery possesses 143 of her compositions, including portraits sacred and other subjects, the chef d'œuvre being the head of Metastasio. The Louvre has five of her drawings, among which is the half length crayon drawing of a "Muse Crowned With Laurel," which she presented on her reception at the Academy. There are drawings by her at Venice, Chioggia, Padua and in the galleries of Turin, Florence, Copenhagen and St. Petersburg. Rosalba's youngest sister, Giovanna Carriera, painted miniatures, and assisted Rosalba in the backgrounds and draperies of her drawings. She died in 1737.

Of Jean Antoine Watteau much has been written; his art is so exquisite and his character so enigmatic that a mere sketch of him would be unsatisfactory at the best. Suffice it to say that he was born at Valenciennes on October 10, 1684, and died at Hogent-sur-Marne, near Paris, July 18, 1721. Like Chopin, Shelley, Keats, Mozart, Giorgione, he belonged to the rarer type of artistic organization. Condemned to the early death of a consumptive, his work reveals excessive preoccupation with joyful themes—masques, open air fêtes, lovers' meetings and the intimate elegance of aristocratic natures.

An unrelenting workman, he literally wore himself out in the practice of his subtle art. His drawings are highly prized, while the great museums of the world are proud to possess a painting by this charming poet. The Jacques Doucet collection boasts of some remarkable specimens of his pencil, nearly twoscore in all. It need hardly be added that this unusual gathering will excite the liveliest competition among dealers and amateurs alike. The catalogues are formidable, three large and illustrated volumes. The sale is to be under the auspices of Georges Petit; the experts are Paume & Lasquin, fels, Jules Féral and MM. Mannheim. As to Delacroix, we may take a glance at his career, above all noting his ideals and aspirations.

Delacroix was the executor of Géricault's testament. What Géricault did not live to do for the French school was part of his work, "la tremper à l'école anglaise," and thus to restore color to painting, as MacCall puts it. That color in painting should have to be fought for by a modern sounds preposterous enough, but every element in art decays, is discredited, dies, and has to be born again, the same and different with travail and pain. If he had only restored color to a place of honor, stood up for Rubens against Ingres, Delacroix would be an important figure in the French painting history, not necessarily in all history. But to tradition he added a study of the reactions of light, intensified by Oriental travel, that alone would make him a cardinal figure in the century.

Delacroix was a later pupil in the school of Guérin, and painted his Dante under the eye of Géricault. He posed for one of the figures in the Radeau, and his own art is more at one with those shapes abandoned in the extremity of pain and dejection than with the athletes of Géricault. He was less robustly planned; a more nervous and feverish frame, energy with him was rather spasmodic and convulsive, but the tension of his will carried his frail body through a vast production.

By an instinctive economy of his powers, by the check that his catholic critical sense exercised on his own dæmon (he detested most of the romantic art of his time, preferred Racine to Hugo, Gluck to Berlioz), and by the curious fortune that this chief rebel, this "drunken savage" of the brush, was in spite of all official and popular distaste the chief decorator of public buildings in his generation, he came to shrink from satisfying too much the fever and black heart of melancholy which he recognized as his inmost nature. His work may seem never quite equal to his hunger, not always to find its own subject, but to diffuse itself too readily over the fields of illustration; but the command he obtained over his emotion made it possible for him to plot and carry through great schemes of decoration, and to produce in them more than a mirage of the great past.

Put Passion in His Art.

His ideal was to work in a kind of lucid fury of mind such as he saw produced in some men by opium, hashish or wine, men who arrive at exaltations of thought that terrify, who have perceptions totally unknown to the man of cold blood, who soar above existence and pity it, to whom the bounds of our ordinary imagination appear like those of a little village as we might see it lost in the distance of a plain, mounted ourselves on heights immense and cloud confused. To reach his painter's intoxication Delacroix drugged himself with literature or by copying the terrible masters. "Rappelle," he jots down, "pour t'enflammer éternellement certains passages de Byron." To maintain the imaginative state unbroken he seldom touched food until evening, taking in the morning instead of coffee "a little Rubens."

To give the equivalent of this superhuman heat of conception to his scene, to preserve the mood itself at its full height, to charge and disencumber the image by accretions and sacrifices of memory and passion and to translate the fire of mind into a freedom of execution meant for Delacroix working away from the model. He studied from life impatiently and against the grain. It was part of the nervous constitution of his imagination, easily heated by reading but chilled in action, that he could not abide the presence of the model when at work on his picture.

He could only love in anticipation; the presence of a woman froze him; so with his art. He had to carry off his prey of observation out of the day hated by tigers and beasts of the night and devour it in the shadows of his den. His first idea of the means for forcible expression were strong contour and dark shadow. To the influence of Géricault was added that of Goya. "The first and most important thing in painting is the contours. The rest may be extremely neglected, yet if they are there the painting is firm and finished." And so he determined always to begin with that.

A Daumierlike intention flitted through his mind of caricaturing his contemporaries in a mixture of Michael Angelo and Goya. He found the contours of his "Massacre" too washy; not frank enough. Then a Velasquez possessed him; he imagined this firm "and yet melting paste combined with firm and daring contours," and he itched to spread on a brown or red canvas good fat thick color." But Michael Angelo returns again. Would he combine with Velasquez—vigorous contours, yet soft and marrowy painting "Cest ainsi une chose singulière et très belle." He found in a copy after Michael Angelo something he had already the hint of in Géricault, a simplification of features and details that is possible if the contours are firm enough.

But his natural love of the exaggeration in one part and neglect of another in Michael Angelo was shaken from time to time by the antique, by the Elgin marbles, with their "uninflated" beauty, and there came a moment when he pronounced Michael Angelo nothing beside the least of the antiques, refusing logic, ensemble and even unity of feeling to his painting and treated it as a mere "coups de poing."

His belief in an all sufficing contour was modified as he pursued the logic of effect less as a draughtsman, more as a painter. A sculptor, he argued, does not begin with a contour; he builds up his form by pellets, by constructing the masses and thicknesses of his figure—the contour is the last thing, the limits of these bosses, and the most distant part of a form from the eye. So a painter should work by circumscribing the big planes of his figure as they present themselves to the light and allowing contours now to be lost, now to be pronounced.

This conception of painters' drawing, well on the way to the most modern, came naturally through his study of color. The real base of Delacroix, through all fluctuations of impersonal criticism, was the Rubens of the Luxembourg decorations. In him he found the freedom, the exaggeration for effect, the sacrifices that he admired in the great master behind Rubens, but an even greater suppleness of form and also a comparable excitement in color.

When he was painting his first picture, the "Virgil and Dante," and was in doubt how to treat a figure splashed with water, he bethought him suddenly of Rubens and his Nereids in the Luxembourg picture. In these figures lies half of Delacroix. But it needed the shock of a modern example to clear the face even of Rubens to him. When he was painting his "Massacre de Scio" he was rubbing his hands over "ce bon noir et ces heureuses saletés." He had, as he confessed, "barely cleaned the palette of Gros," who inspired the picture.

One Secret of Color.

Delacroix had seen hints already of a fresher key in English painting; he knew and delighted in Bonington's water colors; one of the Fieldings had even arranged his background and he had seen work by Constable; but the contrast of Constable's pictures at the Salon with his own, just completed, converted him, and he spent a fortnight in repainting it. What he saw in Constable was probably not only a frankness of color but an audacity of handling, a communication to "touch" of the expressive excitement that he had already sought in drawing. He remarks also in later days with what a variety of greens Constable's green was composed; instead of a monotonous tint a score were interlaced, giving life to the colors.

Delacroix had been converted then to frank color; but he had still to discover for himself the laws of effect. Composing his pictures as he did with only occasional reference to nature, he worked them out by a mixture of science, experiment in the abstract reactions of colors and notes of chance natural effects of light, such as are to be found in his journal. He grasped the action of reflected lights in determining the true color of shadows and substituted this positively colored shadow for the negative black degraded shadow he had been working with.

What is more remarkable is the thoroughness with which he tested and applied the laws of the simultaneous contrast of colors, the subject at this time of Chevreul's famous treatise. It is claimed for Delacroix that he discovered these laws for himself, and a story is told of the finding of the clue. Delacroix had been painting his Marino Falière (1827), and trying for brilliancy in his yellows. Unable to get the brilliancy he desired, he was once more going to the Louvre to consult Rubens when he happened to observe the black and yellow body of the cab that had been called. The black beside the yellow was not black, but tinged with mauve. Here was the law in germ—the bright yellow compels the eye to see its complementary color in the adjacent space. If you want your yellow to look its brightest put its complementary beside it, for that will force the eye to see yellower.

However this may be, it appears that Delacroix arranged in his studio a clock-face after the fashion of Chevruel's color chart, in which the colors were arranged that complementaries faced one another. To correspond with these colors he had a quantity of small wafers like confetti, and when he wished to try combinations of color he did so by wetting his finger and arranging masses of these colored wafers side by side.

Here we seem to run to earth the origin of the technique which the later Impressionist-Pointillists transferred to painting. One artist, M. Fournier, who has examined closely examples of Delacroix's decorative painting, has found in parts, like the halo round the Apollo, a certain amount of broken color in allied tints, and he has had the curiosity to note in detail how far the color design of the St. Sulpice decorations has been governed by the balance and mixture of the complementaries.

The Final Doctrine.

In Delacroix's own voluminous notes in his journal of the colors used for his monumental paintings we can trace his steady increase of strong vibrating violets and greens in shadow as he came to allow for the weakening of tints owing to distance and the reflection from the surface of his picture. His final doctrine, so far as one can gather it, is not quite logical naturalism. He holds by a "demi-teinte" a fixed local color of each object, such as it would have in suffused light, without any glittering direct lights upon it, and strikes his lights (warm, even if toplights) upon that. Veronese claimed his admiration because he built up objects after this fashion and obtained relief with delicate changes of color in shadow. But the interest in Veronese was too equally dispersed for his own art; the emphasis of Rubens came nearer what he wanted. Came nearer, but did not quite content him. The laws of impression, in form, color and composition, occupy him from first to last of his arguments with himself. What he is groping for is a manner of statement that will give the necessary relief and intensity to the main facts without too obvious a violation of nature and credulity. He passes the different masters in review, the masters who have attempted this order of effect, and none of them, not even Rembrandt or Rubens, completely satisfies him.

In this, his constant preoccupation, the possibility of giving truth of excited vision, impressionism in that sense, Delacroix is a son of his century. He confronts the idea sometimes under the form. How can one preserve in the finished picture the seizing intensity, the bare poignant language of the sketch? And he would fain define the nature of the "sacrifices," a favorite word of his, that must be made with this end in view.

If Delacroix had ever visited Venice he would have found his nearest kinsman in the past Tintoret. There is much in the wonderful "Apollo Vainqueur" of the Louvre that recalls him rather than Rubens. The decorations of the Salon du Roi at the Palais Bourbon, on the other hand, are Delacroix's finest challenge of the calmer Venetians. His later work at St. Sulpice shows another state of his complex, critical mind. An admiration for Raphael's rhythm grew as he aged; he became afraid as he looked at his fine "agencement des lignes," that he would have "to throw everything out of the window"; and here he took over the composition of the Heliodorus, but ingeniously transformed it into an upright, and gave to all the action an intenser vigor.

In the color, on the other hand, natural logic and individual feeling have grown. He no longer clashes two systems together, as in the "Croisées," where the full color appears now in a half tone, now in a half light; nor endangers a lovely natural scheme, like the "Noce Juive," by anxiety to have intense color everywhere; there are large fields here of cool aerial color, on which the intense notes sing out. The landscape vision was asserting itself more and more over the compounder of picture harmonies.

"PASTEL BY ROSALBA CARRIERA"
(JACQUES DOUCET SALE)

"THE PILGRIM"
COLORED DRAWING AFTER WATTEAU
(JACQUES DOUCET SALE)

ART NOTES.

Through the National Society of Craftsmen a manufacturer of watch cases has offered a prize of $50 for a design for a watch case. The design is to be two inches in diameter and may be done in ink or pencil. The prize is to be awarded by the following jury of artists: George T. Brewster, Victor Brenner, Charles de Kay, Arthur Dow, Alexander Drake, Hugo Froelich and Albert Herter. The competition closes June 1, when the designs will be on exhibition at the rooms of the society.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Johanson leave early in June for a summer in the mountains of Vermont. Mrs. Johanson is recovering from a serious illness and hopes soon to resume her painting.

S. Montgomery Roosevelt will spend June and July at his country studio at Skaneateles, N. Y., and then go abroad for a few months stay in Paris. Mr. Roosevelt is chairman of the National Society of Portrait Painters, which was organized last winter and held its opening exhibition at the Reinhardt Galleries.

Mahonri Young leaves shortly for his home in Salt Lake City, where he will remain most of the summer at work upon public commissions.

Alice Beckington goes next week to Minnesota. She intends to spend some months there, as she has a number of miniatures to paint. She will return to New York in the early fall.

Of interest to artists and particularly to sculptors is the announcement that the top floor of the building occupied by Healy's Café at Sixty-sixth street and Broadway is to be converted into studios. A number of these studios have already been engaged by well known men, among whom are Ben Ali Haggin, Sherry Fry and Arthur Crisp.

An exhibition of drawings, etchings and lithographs by Herman Struck is being held at the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Company. Struck is a member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers of London and his work is well known abroad, but is now presented in America for the first time. It's work which is worthy of consideration because of its deep sincerity and the convictions which it expresses.

In the introductory note of the catalogue Martin Birnbaum says that Struck is a devout and zealous Jew, a strict observer of the minutest details of the Mosaic code and ritual, and his profound religious faith is reflected in his work. By far the most interesting of his pictures are the studies of Jewish life, and the patriarchs, sages and beggars that he draws express in their bowed and patient attitudes the sufferings of their mournful pilgrimage, while in their eyes are the memories of a mighty past. They are impressive as the emotional product of strong racial sympathies.

The sketches of scenes in different countries are notes of extended travels, but they lack the imagination and feeling which distinguish much of the artist's other work. The technique is direct and sure; in certain of the portraits there is almost a feeling of paint and canvas in the treatment of the surfaces. The portrait of Gerhardt Hauptmann, which is the finest of the portrait etchings, shows a clear perception and appreciation of the character of the man and the mingled strength and delicacy which characterize him. The portrait of Theodore Hertzl, one of the leaders of the Zionist cause, is another of the striking characterizations and portrays him as the visionary dreaming of a new Jerusalem. Other interesting portraits are those of Nietzsche and Oscar Wilde.

At the Coventry studios is seen a display of hand decorated furniture for summer homes and gardens. It is charmingly painted in the design of the hangings which go with it. Especially interesting arrangements are shown in black lacquered furniture painted in designs of birds and flowers to harmonize with black chintz draperies. There are trays and baskets and many homely but necessary out of door utensils which have been converted into pleasing and decorative objects.

Michael Dreicer has recently acquired from the Knoedler galleries a painting by Cornelius de Lyon. This picture was sold in the Charles T. Yerkes collection as a Clouet, but has since been pronounced by expert opinion to be the work of the other master. It is a portrait of a man in the costume of the period and is a rare example of De Lyon's style.

George de Forest Brush will spend the summer at his country home at Tarrytown. He is a great admirer of American landscape and does not think that it is necessary for an artist to go abroad in order to find picturesque subjects for his brush, but believes that the truest inspiration is to be found in the development of this country. Mr. Brush is one of the most characteristically American painters, and many of his finest paintings are studies of the life of the American Indian.

The collection of vestments owned by St. Paul's Church, at the corner of Clinton and Carroll streets, in Brooklyn, is considered to be next to the finest private collection in the United States. The only collection which excels it was made by Rodman Wanamaker, and given in memory of his wife to St. Mark's Church in Philadelphia, where it is now used. This collection is, in fact, the finest in the world.

The collection owned by Father Wilson and Father Day of St. Paul's Church comprises vestments both antique and modern, of French, Italian, German, Belgian and English make. Gorgeous indeed must be the ceremony where the priests or Bishops are robed in these vestments of beautiful color, design, quality and workmanship.

The French and Italian chasubles are the handsomest, being of more graceful shape than those of German and English make. Many are made of rich brocades, heavily embroidered and ornamented with tassels of pure gold thread. It is difficult to estimate the cost of these gorgeous vestments, as the tassels for one chasuble alone cost $100. The brocades used in vestments are designed for this purpose alone, emblems of sacred subjects being the motifs of the designs. A very beautiful brocade shows the Palestine turtle dove; free, it represents saints in glory; in captivity, it represents saints in this world. The rose used in this design is emblematic of Christ.

The Sisters of Bethany are the leading embroiderers of the world, and many of the vestments in this collection were made by them. Some faithful reproductions of the vestments used in the Vatican are also in this collection and are of English and German workmanship.

A very beautiful chasuble with the lesser vestments is made of cream colored brocade, embroidered in rose, olive and gold, and lined with old blue silk. It was made by the English Order of the Sisters of Bethany, and received the first prize at the last World's Exposition in Paris. The cope which completes this set has a very handsome Bavarian clasp of heavy gold set with jewels.

In this same collection is a Bethany stole the pattern of which was taken from the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket. Other old Spanish and Coptic stoles are in possession of St. Paul's Church, and what is said to be the finest pall in this country is also in this collection. It is made of fine linen and shows a representation of Christ on the cross with the two women beside him, which is so finely embroidered in outline stitch that it might be a pen and ink drawing. The whole is fringed with real lace.

William M. Chase sails on May 29 for Paris. Mrs. Chase and one son will accompany him. It is Mr. Chase's intention to spend some time in Paris and then proceed to Florence, where he has a villa. Mr. Chase has not yet occupied his villa, but for three or four years past has been furnishing it with treasures which he has accumulated in his travels each summer in Europe. After spending some time in Florence he will proceed to Belgium, where he will take up his work with his summer class.

The members of the class will leave New York in the early part of June and arrive in Antwerp on the 18th of the month. They will spend some time in Antwerp and visit Brussels en route to Bruges, where they will take up their work for the summer.

After many years of teaching, Mr. Chase has severed his connection with the league and intends to do no more class teaching at the present time. He will continue to give his instruction to personal friends and students in his studio, however. It is Mr. Chase's intention to take a trip through the West next fall and winter to paint portraits. This he has long been urged to do, but because of his connection with the New York School of Art formerly and with the league in the last few years he has been unable heretofore to comply with such requests.

NEW KIND OF GARDEN.

Enthusiastic Praise From England of the Moraine Variety.

The latest sensation in England is the "moraine garden"—a scheme for growing the most exquisite Alpine flowers that have hitherto failed to thrive in the best constructed rock gardens.

If "half the lies they tell about it are true," and if the idea is any good in America, rock gardening will be revolutionized, says Mr. Thomas McAdam in *Country Life in America*, and moraine gardening will beome a worldwide passion. The modest claims made for moraine gardening are:

That it will enable you to grow 99 per cent. of all the treasures with which you have failed; 2, that even the smallest garden can have one; 3, that it costs literally nothing, and 4, that it is more picturesque and artistic than any other form of rock gardening.

A moraine garden, as nearly as I can discover, differs from the ordinary rock garden in being composed chiefly of little chips of stone instead of big rocks, and in having almost no soil instead of much.

"My first moraine," says Mr. Farrar, in one of his charming books on rock gardening, "I made all with my own two hands, and I do sincerely contemplate the result and find it good. Four big blocks of beautifully worn limestone were arranged in a hollow square with a well at their centre.

"Some sharp, large rubbish was put in for drainage, and then the whole filled in with chips of blue limestone, such as they use in these parts for mending the roads, and with this a faint adulteration only of soil. When the moraine was made flush with the surface the whole thing appeared at once as one enormous boulder, powdered with débris, in which it seemed a miracle that anything should live."

Yet in this and the great moraine built later Mr. Farrar grew endless treasures, of which I will mention only a few samples of thrilling interest to the elect—mossy saxifrages, Arctic primroses, Narcissus Bulbocodium, Edrainanthus pumilio and that ever famous riddle Eritrichium nanum.

"How can such success be explained? The essential quality of a moraine, which looks so utterly arid and dry on a sunny day, is that it is never, never, never too dry or too wet. In hottest summer it is always humid and comfortable to the searching roots of rock plants. The fact is that while rain or watering pot showers run quickly away down through the chips, the resultant dampness can never run away or evaporate."

This sounds like the best of good news for a country like America, which is generally believed to be too hot in summer for alpines. As to the artistic effect of the moraine garden Mr. Farrar gives us no chance to judge, as his photographs show only details, no comprehensive views; but he claims that it has "a look of having been there since the beginning of time, of being there through the immutable laws of nature.

"Such a raised garden, built of four or five blocks made to look like one, and filled with moraine, will find room anywhere and harmonize with every scheme, and will seem in any surroundings simply as if a glacier had left it there a hundred score of centuries ago."

Speaking of its cheapness Mr. Farrar says: "No rocks, no heavy carting, no big purchase of soil and stone, nor any handsome lie of the land required. You can make your moraine just anywhere you like by merely taking out so much soil from a bed or border, and then filling up the whole with fine road metal and a little dust or soil."